

# THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

VOLUME I.

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## THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN.

Three times a week, on a super-royal sheet. It will be delivered to subscribers in the District, at two cents per number, payable weekly.

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### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square of 14 lines, one insertion, 37  
two insertions 60  
three 75  
two weeks 1 25  
one month 1 50  
two months 2 50  
three 3 00  
six months 5 00  
twelve 7 50  
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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

### OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.—HOLY WRIT.

No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that, in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instrument of intoxication.—HENRY WARE, JR.

Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is debasing the minds and robbing the souls of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community.—FRANCIS WAYLAND.

I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous.—JOHN PIERPONT.

I challenge any many who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—LYMAN BEECHER.

They who keep these fountains of pollution and crime open, are sharers, to no small extent, in the guilt which flows from them. They command the gateway of that mighty flood which is spreading desolation through the land, and are chargeable with the present and everlasting consequences, no less than the infatuated victim who throws himself upon the bosom of the burning torrent, and is borne by it into the gulf of woe.—SAMUEL SPRING.

Say not "I will sell by the large quantity—I have no tippers about me, and therefore am not guilty." You are the chief man in this business, the others are only subalterns. You are a "poisoner general."—WILBUR FISH, D. D.

The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who will envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—JOHN WESLEY.

It is a principle in law, that the perpetrator of crime, and the accessory to it, are both guilty, and deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged for the violation of this principle. It applies to the law of God. And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can drunkard makers? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible, in view of the developments of Providence, manifestly immoral men?—men who, for the sake of money, will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting the character, increasing the diseases, and destroying the lives of their fellow men. \* \* \* Not only murderers, but those who excite others to commit murder, and furnish the known cause of their evil deeds, will, if they understand what they do, and continue to rebel against God, be shut out of heaven.—JUSTIN EDWARDS, D. D.

You create paupers, and lodge them in your almshouse—orphans, and give them a residence in your asylum—convicts, and send them to your penitentiary. You seduce men to crime, and then arraign them at the bar of justice—immure them

in prison. With one hand you thrust the dagger to the heart—with the other attempt to assuage the pain it causes.—DR. THOMAS SEWALL.

You are filling your almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support it.—REV. ALBERT BARNES.

Whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to reiterate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! MURDER! MURDER! Heman Humphrey, D. D.

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a license.—HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### SLIGHT CAUSES.

From the German of Zschokke.

BY J. D. M'PHERSON.

Continued.

THE BEGGAR FAMILY.

One consequence of this was, that Roderick was made Legal Counsellor, with a very respectable salary. The reigning Duke gave him besides many brilliant evidences of his high satisfaction. But the greatest satisfaction, which no Duke could grant him, he received from the Countess Wilhelmine. The maidenly charm which distinguished her every action, whether in sport or earnest, had so developed itself in the two years of Roderick's absence, that the good charge could only regard her at their first meeting with dumb confusion, and long after with looks of awe and reverence. And had not the lively, unembarrassed Countess first accosted him as an old acquaintance, he would never have ventured to address her.

Wilhelmine was truly no longer the child she had been at M. Von Landern's, when she would run to meet him, hang carelessly on his arm, and seek occasion to whisper him, a thousand kind and flattering things. She said him no more compliments, came no more to meet him, but had assumed a kind of majesty, that held every one at reverent distance. Roderick long believed that this bearing was the work of the Lady Governor, with whom the Countess had lived many years. And it is not to be denied that the Lady Governor was a stiff dame made up of etiquette, ceremonies and ritual. But still Roderick was mistaken. Wilhelmine had kept her innocent heart pure and true, and learned etiquette not from her Governor, but from nature.

In the meantime the error wrought a very good effect for Roderick, who, in Wilhelmine's presence, found the stiff goddess of ceremony uncommonly charming. He treated her with such courtesy that the Governor could not do otherwise than grant him her friendship and respect. She often invited him to join her evening circle, where he placed himself on a footing of intimacy; and Countess Wilhelmine, who had always entertained a great respect for him, had of course not a syllable to say against it.

Thus, their old acquaintance, and, in some measure, their former confidence was restored. Wilhelmine was too beautiful not to be loved by all the gentlemen of the court, and too nearly related to the Duke, whose daughter it was whispered she was, not to be idolized by every one. Continually surrounded by adores, Roderick might have expressed his admiration without uttering anything new to her, but never joined in their praises; and this silent reverence pleased her more than if he had spread the usual incense before her.

Under such circumstances Roderick was tolerably happy. By daily converse, the fervor of his passion was moderated, but by breathing daily the sweet poison, he was the more dangerously affected at heart. The worst was, that Wilhelmine was very gracious towards him and treated him as a friend; but every one knows that such favor and kindness under some circumstances, render a lover more unhappy than declared enmity. The right kind of favor had not yet manifested itself in the young Countess.

One day Roderick found himself with a brilliant company at a country seat of the Master of the Household; and among this brilliant company, pretty Wilhelmine was the brightest. During a walk in the grove, whither Roderick had the honor to accompany the young Countess, they were attracted by a smoke rising from a thicket, and they beheld in the vale beneath them, a wandering beggar-family cooking their mid-day meal. Two chubby boys, six and seven years old, were riding on the shoulders of their father, and a little girl, two years younger, was helping her mother to spread some articles of clothing on the sloe bushes to dry. The most charming part of the spectacle was the many little marks of tenderness in the course of their sport and dinner, which the children gave or received from their parents, who, unconscious of a stranger's gaze, abandoned themselves to the promptings of affection. Wilhelmine found the scene so entertaining, that she seated herself to contemplate it at leisure, and Roderick sought a place beside her.

"These people are so poor—so very poor, and yet they are happy," said, or rather whispered Wilhelmine, after a long pause, turning to Roderick with eyes glistening as if she were weeping, "I wished to weep."

"Yes," answered Roderick, "they are happy. And you know, dear Countess, at least you have learned from books, that happiness is not the companion of wealth or rank: it seeks only contented hearts."

"Ah!" sighed the Countess, "would that I were contented! Had I a father, mother, brother, sister, as those there, I could be as they, and want should not grieve me. I am so lonely. How different it must be in a confiding family

circle. But from infancy I have been an orphan." "And I," added Roderick dejectedly, remembering his poor father, the collector, and his kind aunt.

And now commenced a frank dialogue. Roderick lamented the solitude and joylessness of his childhood and the early death of his father. "O, were my father yet alive, how gladly would I beg for him!" and then he gratefully told of his excellent aunt.

"And I—and I," sobbed Wilhelmine, "what has been my lot? I have known no mother, had no brother, sister or aunt. You have at least had a father, who was your own father, but I?"—her voice lost itself in a sigh.—They resumed the subject in deep dejection. They had never spoken so freely together, and in this mutual gush of feeling, nothing was more natural than that Roderick should take Wilhelmine's hand and breathe in the consciousness of their mutual privation, "Were I but your brother!"

She looked at him kindly and said, "As a brother, you would have been very dear to me." "Let me then be one," sighed he, so earnestly that she could not deny him.

"Yes, Roderick," said she, "if you can be my brother, my true brother, candid, open, honest as a brother should be, you shall find in me a true sister. I have never yet spoken to any one of my family matters, or heard any one speak of yours but you. Let it be in confidence between us. Do not forsake me, and I will ever hereafter feel a warm interest in your welfare."

"Dear Wilhelmine, sister!" said Roderick, pressing her to his breast, with a kiss which she received from her adopted brother, with sisterly love. The kiss, indeed, lasted rather too long for a brother's kiss, but we must remember that in all their lives, neither had ever held a brother or sister in their arms, and such rapture was therefore for the first time very pardonable.

The beggar family experienced the first good consequences of this new tie. Roderick and Wilhelmine, arm in arm, walked down to them and gave each of the little vagabonds, that came to meet them, a handful of money, without thinking they did more than discharge a sacred debt. And it seemed to them, as they returned to the mansion of the Lady Governor, as if the blooming shrubbery reached forth their garlands to them, and the gentle evening wind at sunset were but a sisterly kiss of Nature.

In the evening there was a ball, and one should have seen the brother and sister dance, to understand fully the inspiration of sisterly love.

### THE RETICULE.

Roderick soon gained, by his new relationship many advantages, which, however, he would readily have foregone for another rotherly kiss. He was often called to the presence of the old sick Duke to speak of public affairs. Roderick read alone well, and his sister did not fail to make known his talent to the Duke, who afterwards called upon him to read passages from the latest publications. By these means the serviceable minister won gradually the favor of his master, who finally elevated him to a seat in the privy-council. The courtiers shook their heads with huge meaning, and all wondered that the old Duke, who, in all his life before, had never had a favorite should have chosen one in his old days but all bowed the more deeply before the rising star.

Roderick gained daily on Wilhelmine's confidence, especially when he told how he had loved her above all things from their first meeting, and the great anxiety the cleivant Miss Von Landern had caused him. And then his sister confessed with equal frankness how much he had pleased her on this and that occasion; how she had wept when he went on the embassy, and with what pleasure she had visited Miss Von Landern to obtain intelligence from him.

A singular accident disturbed the quiet joy of their relationship.

The Countess was sitting in the coach about to visit, in company with her new brother, his serene Highness, the Duke; for the Duke had no pleasure but in his daughter. The servants shut the door, and the coachman raised his whip, when Wilhelmine cried "Stop!" She had forgotten her reticule. Roderick sprang from the vehicle and flew up the steps to seek it. Wilhelmine had scarcely time to tell him, "It lies on the toilet of the Lady Governor."

Roderick went to the chamber of the Lady Governor; it was locked; to the second door; it was locked too; to the third, with the same success. At last he found one open. He entered and wandered from room to room, where never before one of the uninitiated had been. Toilets he found in abundance, but no reticule. He passed at length into what appeared to be a private cabinet. It was locked indeed, but the key was in the door. Papers, accounts, letters, were lying scattered about, and among them, the reticule. He seized it and carried it in triumph to his sister. The coach drove off.

On the way, the Countess wanted her handkerchief she drew it from the reticule, and three or four letters fell out.

"It seems you have secret archives there," said Roderick, gathering up the letters. The Countess protested she knew not how the letters had got there.

"Shall I put your sisterly confidence to the test?" asked he. "Have you courage enough to let me read those secrets?"

She smiled consent; and eager to find subject for playful banter, Roderick cast his eyes over the first;—became earnest; read the second—the third:—was astonished and stunned.

"Gracious Countess, were you got you these letters?"

"For Heaven's sake, Roderick, what's the matter?"

"Where did Your Grace get these letters?" he asked again, in a tone full of amazement.

The terrified Countess gazed first on the letters, then the handkerchief, then the reticule.

"Good Heavens!" she cried at length, "this is not my reticule; you have brought me the Lady Governor's—You see, Sir, what your haste has brought you to. Go now, and beg the Lady's pardon for your indiscretion, and hear the lecture she will read you."

The carriage stopped before the ducal palace, and they got out; Wilhelmine laughing at her

brothers embarrassment; he silent and grave.

The Countess related the accident to the Duke and with such comic additions, that the old Prince laughed heartily; but Roderick begged audience on weighty matters, and retired with him. Wilhelmine thought this very strange and a little impolite, but she retired, without any hard thoughts, to the reception-room, where she found entertainment enough in the brilliant circle of the court.

After an hour, the Duke sent to excuse himself from appearing that evening. Roderick also came not. The two ministers were called out and some other of the high officers; and none came back. The Lady Governor was sent for and she too came not out again. This had a singular appearance. The party separated earlier than usual, and the countess Wilhelmine rode home alone. On her arrival she heard with astonishment the apartments of the Lady Governor had been sealed, and herself arrested. Her ladies were terrified and weeping, and the Countess herself fell almost ill from fright.

At eleven at night some one knocked, and Roderick was announced to the Countess. He was equipped for a journey, and Wilhelmine became as a corpse.

"What has happened?" she asked, trembling in every limb. He begged to speak with her alone and her attendants left them alone.

"Dearest Wilhelmine," whispered he, "continue to think of me with true sisterly love. The Duke sends me to Naples to save the Prince Xaver, and, if possible, to bring him here. There has been fearful treason among us. The life of the old prince is drawing to a close; the Crown Prince alone stands in the way, else the succession would fall to the Prince of \* \* \*. This was the groundwork for their accursed plans; for the Crown Prince is not liked by some at this court, who fear the reforms he is expected to make. They commenced schemes which in some measure succeeded—enough, dear Wilhelmine,—my mistake, the reticule—all has come to light."

The Countess was so overcome by this intelligence, that only the adieu of a brother could have changed her feelings of agitation to those softer emotions of grief. He had to set forth that same night, and I will say nothing of the tears that were shed, or the tenderness with which Wilhelmine threw her arms around her brother's neck—not a word.

To be continued.

### SHIPWRECKS IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The following vessels have been recently wrecked or driven ashore in the St. Lawrence:

	bushels	Minots	Barrels	Tubs of
Wheat.				Butter.
Covenanter,	10,939	4,039	3,190	450
Mary Sharp,	3,000	7,099	1,641	244
Universe,	4,609	2,080	1,282	114
Crusader,		174	2,061	
Sir Robt Peel,			200	
Laurel,			406	28
	19,547	13,390	9,803	836

Also the ship Ceylon, ashore at Bic, on a reef of rocks. Will probably be a total wreck. No lives lives lost from these vessels. Four men who landed from a schooner at St. Jean Port Joli, were frozen to death. One of them, it is said, was a wealthy farmer from St. Anne.—JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

### NORTHERN COTTON.

Those who suppose that cotton will not grow in a northern climate, will learn with surprise that this great staple of the south was produced in perfection, last summer, in the garden of Capt. Joseph Mather, at Greenbush. This cotton grew, as Capt. Mather assures us, in the open garden, and without artificial heat. A stem, full-blown and ready for picking, may be seen at this office. The cotton is of as fine and beautiful texture as that produced in Alabama.—ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL.

Speaking of American artists and American inventions, the Paris correspondent of the Atlas says:—

"Turning from the beautiful to the useful, I am happy to chronicle the success of Col. Hamilton's ingenious machine for saving ship timber, which has been visited by all the naval and mechanical authorities, who speak of it in terms of unqualified praise. The Minister of the Marine has contracted for the sawing of a frame of a frigate at the Toulon dock yard, and should the machine perform it as it is expected it will, he will purchase it at the price demanded—600,000 francs. A share of the patent here belongs to J. W. Crookran, who has now five of the Steam Excavators at work on the different railroad lines, and is constructing a steam pile driver, on the American model."

THE POST OFFICE LAW IN OHIO.—The Ohio House of Representatives have passed resolutions by a unanimous vote, requesting their Senators and Representatives in Congress, to vote against any increase of the present rates of postage.

Italy contains 500 principal towns. Its population is about 22,000,000 of inhabitants. There are about 3,000 professional singers, and 2,000 delectant singers, 30,000 professional musicians, and 100,000 delectant musicians; 2,600 comic artists; 1,000 dancers and mimics; 200 music composers; 390 dramatic and equestrians companies.

DEATH OF A VERY OLD LADY.—Died, at the residence of her son, T. H. Ward, of this country, Mrs. Ward, in the one hundred and eleven year of her age. Mrs. Ward witnessed many of the exciting scenes of the revolution, and has for many years drawn a pension as the widow of a revolutionary soldier.—RICHMOND (Ky.) CHRONICLE.

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.—A gentleman last week, got into a Broadway stage in which were ten pretty girls. Upon ascending the steps, he paused for a moment, dazzled by the beauty before him. "There is room, sir, sit down," said one of the ladies of the amiable. "I thank you," said the gentleman, getting in; I thought of getting into an omnibus. But I have entered paradise!"

### LOBBY INFLUENCE.

The Philadelphia Saturday American thus disconcerts: "Lobby INFLUENCE!" Analyse it, and it reads, "Champaigne wine, Madeira, sherry, gin, brandy, whiskey and apple-toddy!" The rich harvest of class legislation, that yields itself to the sickle of cupidity each session, is all traceable to the malignant power of the "King of the Furies." Is it not a sad spectacle to behold a Legislature of republicans making laws under the influence of a power that strikes Reason with dismay and Justice blind! Is it not a heart-rending sight to behold men, sworn on the altar of their country to remain loyal to Liberty, sell their high functions for as much alcohol as will reduce to the level of the quadrupled! The squabbling, riot, tumult, duels, and ribaldry of Congress and our State Legislatures, are all to be traced to the power of Alcohol—that stupendous agent of Anarchy and Confusion—of the passions of the Furies, and the vengeance of the Demons, who delight in human desolations. Sons of TEMPERANCE! hie to our Legislative Halls, and plant your banners there.

TEMPERANCE IN HIGH PLACES.—A gentleman who lately visited the capital, thus writes:—

"A few weeks since I was in the city of Washington advocating temperance and in an interview with President Polk, he informed me that Temperance had and should receive his countenance and example. I learned from a friend that when the Baltimore Defenders called upon him, he regaled them with "cold water;" and also when the Dauphin Guards of Pennsylvania paid him a visit, this cooling beverage was the drink. Such a stand of the Chief Magistrate of our nation is highly commendable, whether we agree in politics or not. When I entered his audience room, my eyes were greeted with a large pitcher of water surrounded with tumblers on the centre table. May the good work go on, until from the White House down to the shanty, the cry will be Hurrah for bright water! hurrah! hurrah!!!"

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A HOG.—The wife of Joseph Hill, aged 65 years, of Sussex county, (N. J.) was bitten in the hand a short time since by a hog, causing a wound, which, in spite of every application, spread through and affected the entire arm, until finally the malignant virus reached the body, and entering the vitals, terminated her sufferings by death on Thursday last.

WANTED TO BE MARRIED.—When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of freemen who voted for her brother, on which she was saluted with the cry of Miss Wilberforce forever!" when she pleasantly remarked: "Thank you gentlemen—but I cannot agree with you—for really I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever!"

Such a young lady will get married if she can, by fair means,—if not she will by force.

### EARTHENWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS.

THOMAS PURSELL has just imported, per ships Pacific and Hampden, from Liverpool and other sources, one hundred and thirteen packages of the above articles, of the newest style and from the best manufactories, such as—

French and English china dinner, tea, and toilet Sets, or pieces detached  
Canton china, pearl, white, blue, stone china and blue printed, and figured Plates  
Dishes, Bowls, Vases, (a great variety)  
In a word, his very extensive Stock embraces almost every article usually kept in such establishments.

Dixon's English Britannia Tea and Coffee Sets, and plated Castors

And, also, American Britannia Coffe and tea Sets, or pieces separate

Castors, Lamps, Candlesticks, Mugs, covered Pitchers Table and tea Spoons, Covered Urns and Briggins, &c.

Solar, lard, or oil Lamps  
Lamp Glasses and Wicks, of almost every size  
Ivory-handled and other Knives and Forks, in complete sets or separate

Plated and brass Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays  
Waiters, Looking-Glasses, Shovel and Tong  
Cut, pressed, and plain Tumblers, Wines  
Champagnes, Finger Bowls, Wine Coolers, Claret

Decanters, Fruit Baskets, Dishes, Lamps, &c.

A large assortment of common Ware, suitable for retailing. All of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, as cheap as the very cheapest.

English Pipes in boxes

First quality Stone Ware at the factory prices.

As the subscriber is determined to reduce his heavy stock of Goods he intends to sell low, and solicits a call from his friends and the public generally at his store opposite Browns' Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue.

THOMAS PURSELL.

Nov. 18—2m

### LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES—STEREOTYPED EDITION.

Published by authority of Congress.

VOL. 10 SEPARATELY.

THE subscribers will publish at the commencement of the present session of Congress, about January 1, 1846, "THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES," agreeably to an act of Congress of the last session, and for the accommodation of those gentlemen who have the earlier edition in nine volumes, containing the laws from the year 1839 to March 1845, will be published separately and sold at the cost of paper and print. An annual supplement on a similar type and paper will hereafter be published at the close of each session of Congress, so that the Laws of the United States may always be had in a neat and uniform style.

LITTLE & BROWN.

Law Booksellers and Publishers, Boston.  
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